That did neuer choose amis,
Some there be that shadowes kis,
Such haue but a shadowes blis:
There be fooles aliue Iwis *I wis,*
Siluerd o're, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are sped.

Arrag. Still more foole I shall appeare,
By the time I linger heere,
With one fooles head *I* came to woo, *woe,*
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.
Portia. Thus hath the candle singd the moath: *sindg'd*
O these deliberate fooles, when they doe choose,
their They haue the wisedome, by their wit to loose.
Nerriss. The auncient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.
Portia. Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady?
Portia. Heere, what would my Lord?
Mess. Madame, there is a-lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit, (besides commends and curtious breath) *courteous*
Gifts of rich valiew; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Embassador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete,
To show how costly Summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.
Portia. No more I pray thee, *I* am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high day wit in praysing him:

Come

Come come *Nerrissa*, for I long to see
Quick *Cupids* Post that comes so mannerly.
Nerryss. *Bassanio* Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Solanio and Salarino.

Solanio. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?
Salari. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word. *gossips*
Solanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeue she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio*; ô that *I* had a tytle good enough to keepe his name company.
Salari. Come, the full stop.
Solanio. Ha, what sayest thou? why the end is, he hath lost a ship.
Salari. *I* would it might proue the end of his losses.
Solanio. Let me say amen betimes, least the deuil crosse my prayer, for heere he comes in the likenes of a *Iewe*. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants? *Enter Shylocke.*
Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.
Salari. Thats certaine, *I* for my part knew the Taylor that made the wings she flew withall.
Solan. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fledge, *fledg'd,* and then it is the complexion of them all to leaue the dam.
Shy. She is damnd for it.
Salari. Thats certaine, if the deuill may be her Iudge.
Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.
Sola. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.
Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and my blood.
Salari. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie: more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red vvine and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare, whether *Anthonio* haue had any losse at sea or no?

 Shy. There